ALVA ADILVA.

MISS CANDISH'S CHRISTMAS BOY.

"Sometimes I'm a great mind, 's ever I had to eat, to adopt a boy. Now it's come Christmas time I do believe I'll jest treat myself to that kind of a present."

Miss Candish was basting some overalls, one pair from a great pile that lay on the table by her. The thread hissed as it went through the cloth beneath her rapid fingers. The spare figure was bent over, the thin face was flushed, there was a kind of eagerness visible in the usually undemonstrative woman. Was it the Christmas spirit working within her? As the long thread was exhausted and she pulled the needle out, she looked at me before she bit off a new thread.

"P'raps you'll think I'm silly," she said, "but I do want to name a boy Alva Adilva; and if I took him young enough I could have the namin' of him myself. Yes," she went on, "I know it's silly, 'n' you think I'm nothin' but an old maid, and I ain't. But if you'd had your mind set on a thing most ever sence you was grown up, I s'pose if you see your chance to do it you'd do it, wouldn't you? I know you would—so'd anybody, 'n' I ain't no different from other folks. They all tell me overallin' ain't no kind of a way to git money to bring up a child on. But money ain't everything, though 'tis a good deal. I'm goin' over to see him soon's I git this pair ready for Mandy to put through the machine. I wish you'd go with me. He ain't pretty, nor he ain't interestin', but I could take him 'n' name him's I pleased, 'n' 'twouldn't be nobody's business. They couldn't say ah, yes, nor no to it."

On the way, which led through a lonesome road, Miss Candish picked a few bare stalks of tansy and said she always did like tansy griddle-cakes, though most everybody thought they were horrid. She never could make tansy grow round her house; something wa'n't right for it there. She paused suddenly in her walk and looked anxiously at me, the cold wind sweeping her shawl out behind her.

"Mebby," she said, in a quavering voice, "mebby I couldn't make the boy grow neither. You don't think it's wrong, do ye? S'pos'n he should begin to pindle soon's I'd got him!"

The worn face was drawn in consternation at the thought, but it became brighter when I said that, at the worst, the boy would have a better chance with her than at the poorhouse.

She walked on by my side smelling the tansy, which she rubbed between her fingers.

"You see," she said, a dull glow coming into her middle-aged face as she spoke, "I feel kinder free to speak to you, somehow. I don't never mention such things to Mandy, though Mandy's good's she can be, 'n' there ain't anybody could put a pair of overalls through the machine 's quick 's she can. But even though a person can stitch overalls quick, you don't always feel like tellin' um some things. But there's something 'bout you makes me want to say that when I was young I had—well, yes, I may as well say it right out—an admirer."

Here the blush deepened, and she stopped to pick another spray of tansy.

"It don't seem possible, does it?"

She laughed as she asked the question. Looking at her now I could not help saying to myself that it really did not seem possible.

"It wasn't gen'ly known," she continued.

"Was his name Alva Adilva?" I asked, thinking I had now penetrated the secret concerning the name.

"Oh, no; his name was Ludo Seavey. He came from the Cape to learn the shoemakin' trade. When he went back he took some kind of a fever 'n' died 'fore I knew anything 'bout it. I always feel sure if it hadn't been for that fever he'd have reg'larly proposed to me."

"You were not engaged to him, then?"

"Not precisely. But if ever a man meant to ask a woman, Ludo meant to; 'n' if he had asked, I should have said yes. So, you see, you can't wonder that I always think of myself as havin' ben engaged; 'taint as though I was an old maid that never had no chance. But 'taint a matter that I talk of. Some folks know 'bout Ludo, but we don't exchange no words on the subject."

As Miss Candish had continued talking, her whole frail, insignificant person had gradually become more alive. Even the dull, uninteresting eyes had a kind of sparkle in them. And he had never asked her. He had meant to ask her. Still he had gone back to "the Cape" with his trade learned, and he had not spoken. Did any one, save Eunice Candish, believe he ever intended to speak? Who, however, could wish to destroy an illusion which made a glamor of romance in this bald life? To believe one has had an admirer must be almost as consoling as really to have had one.

A cynic at my elbow here inquires if a woman ever lived who had not this consolation.

There was no snow. The road was hard and white. The dust rushed down this lonely highway, driven by the northwest wind. Miss Candish held her blue calico gown up above the tops of her boots, showing her white stockings. She hated dust. She said she never could make up her mind that it was lady-like to wear colored stockings, though she "knew they was much worn."

I wished to put some questions concerning Ludo, but I was not sure I ought to do so. I soon saw she was loath to leave the subject. She informed me that Ludo had once loaned her a story-book. She said there was no doubt but that it was a novel. The minister who had seen it on her table had said decidedly that if it wasn't a novel, it might as well be one. Still she had read it. It was very interesting. "She didn't know as it done her any harm; she wasn't quite sure." It was a number of years ago now, long enough, she thought, for her to know if she had taken any hurt from it. She spoke as if referring to having been exposed to the smallpox, or to some contagious disease, and that now the time necessary for her to "come down with it" had passed, and she might consider herself comparatively safe. She dwelt a good deal on that novel. It was the only one she had ever read. If she had married Ludo she might have fallen into the habit of reading them. She couldn't tell.

She was looking at me over her bunch of tansy, wishing to know what I thought of novels, but hesitating to ask. Finally she glanced away; she grew quite red, and her lips trembled as she said that the principal male character in that book had been the Count Alva Adilva. She had never forgotten him. Although he had been very dark, with a curled black mustache, and Ludo had been light, with no mustache at all, the Count had constantly reminded her of Ludo. If she had married Ludo, and if she had had a son, she should have named him Alva Adilva. If she had been rich and could have bought the privilege of naming some other woman's son, she should have named him that. Again she said she "s'posed I thought she was very silly," and this time she insisted on an answer.

Her eyes were fixed on me with that boldness which is one phase of extreme shyness. When I stammered and hesitated, she continued her gaze. I had to reply:

"It seems rather romantic," I said with a foolish smile.

She dropped her skirt down into the dust and clasped her hands and the tansy together. The herb gave out its pungent odor upon the cold air, and a puff of wind blew the road-dust in our faces.

"I always did think I was romantic," she exclaimed with a laugh, her faded eyes overflowing for an instant with the intensity of her gratified feeling. "But, gracious! there ain't nobody ever suspected it. They think, 'cause I spend s' much time in my flower garden when I oughter be bastin' overalls, that I'm kinder cracked. Old Bethia Brewster told Mandy one day that everybody knew I was love-cracked. P'raps I be, but if I be, I guess I can stan' it. I've seen folks that couldn't love 'nough to be injured ter save their lives, 'n' I guess Bethia Brewster's one of um. She's an old maid. I don't s'pose she was ever engaged in her life."

At the thought of a woman who had never been engaged, Miss Candish's face softened with pity. She lifted up her skirt again and said she hoped I'd excuse her, but that Brewster woman always did rile her.

There was silence while we turned a corner in the road into what was little more than a cart-path. Close to the turn was a small house without a tree near it save one old poplar. Hitched to this poplar was the doctor's horse; the little sulky behind the horse was occupied by three boys, who were dirty and ragged, and who had evidently chosen this way in which to amuse themselves while the carriage was within their reach. They were laughing, and kicking at the dash-board.

"Them's the other children," whispered Miss Candish. "They've all got to go to the poorhouse. I pity um."

We walked by them, and one flicked the whip across my companion's face, and the others laughed uproariously at the feat.

Inside we paused a moment in the entry. We saw, in the only large room, a woman lying on a bed and the doctor sitting by her. As we hesitated, she also saw us and lifted a thin hand to beckon us in.

"You no need ter wait out there," she said querulously. "Se' down. The doctor says I'm mighty low. Be you still in the same mind 'bout this baby, Miss Candish?"

Here a cough caught her breath, and it was some moments before she could hear Miss Candish reply.

"I'm willin' to do what I can, Mis' Richards," she said.

"Does that mean you'll take him?" breathlessly asked the mother.

"I s'pose you ain't named him, Mis' Richards?"

"No, I ain't ben able to think of no name."

Miss Candish rose and walked to the bed. She did not try to conceal her excitement.

"I believe," she said with solemnity, "that I can say I have decided to take him. I will go home and make a few preparations."

She went back hurriedly toward the door, but was stopped by the mother's voice, saying with husky imperativeness:

"You might 's well take him now. He's a terrible care to me, 'n' the doctor says I'm mighty low."

The mother turned down the bedclothes, thus revealing a pasty-looking child of six months, who began to moan at being disturbed.

The doctor rose to his feet and cast a swift, mewing look on Miss Candish. Instead of enlightening, the look seemed to bewilder her. Her hands began to tremble. She hastened to repeat that she would hurry home and make a few preparations; she would return in the afternoon prepared to—

"Better take the child now, Miss Candish," interrupted the doctor; "take it right along with you."

He lifted the baby from the bed and wrapped a shawl about it, handing over the bundle to Miss Candish, who took it as if it were a piece of crockery, which she should drop in spite of her best efforts to the contrary. She held it out from her.

"Keep it top side up," said the doctor, following us to the door. The mother was coughing again, and strangling.

"She will not be alive to-night," said he as we stepped down on the big stone by the door.

"Oh dear me!" whispered Miss Candish.

We went back over the dusty road, and Miss Candish was obliged to drop her tansy.

We "spelled each other" with the burden on the way, and even then it seemed a long distance to us.

The baby kept up its whining cry without an instant's intermission. The only difference was that it cried louder when Miss Candish held it. She seemed to wish to hold it at arm's length from her, and the child resented that. Although she did not really carry it with its head down, she appeared as if she would not know if she did so. She looked piteously anxious and uncomfortable. When she reached her own door she begged me to go in and hold the baby while she "fixed it some catnip. There was one thing," she said, "that she did know about children; they always were the better for having catnip."

Mandy came in from the kitchen as we entered the sitting-room.

"Oh, lor!" she cried, and stared.

"I wish, Mandy, you'd put a piller on the lounge for Alva Adilva," said Miss Candish with an assumption of dignity of which I had not believed her capable, and which greatly impressed Mandy.

The child cried in a low kind of way all day and all night. Mandy reported through the neighborhood that she didn't know, for her part, why it should ever stop crying, for Eunice Candish had "about as much faculty with a baby as if she'd ben a clam."

As for Miss Candish, after that first demand for "a piller for Alva Adilva," she never called the boy anything else but the name she had given him, and every time she pronounced it it was with a zest and enjoyment that were most touching.

After a while he ceased to cry all the time and condescended to take his mixture of milk and sugar and arrowroot with some apparent pleasure. Also Miss Candish learned not to hold him so far out in her arms, and to be more impressed with the advisability of carrying him with his head up. In a month he did not look quite so pasty and flabby, but he was as unattractive as a baby could well be, and there was no expression in his almost white eyes and fishy mouth.

Much as he improved, however, the change in him was not so marked as in the woman who had adopted him. Miss Candish's eyes almost sparkled; she looked almost animated. She hardly spoke a sentence without referring in some way to Alva Adilva. Every movement in her house was made in reference to him. Still she managed to baste more overalls than ever before, although she had less time.

She said she had to "spring to it, but Alva Adilva would be needin' clo'es, 'n' she mustn't let a minute slip."

She bought a second-hand baby carriage, and caught a few moments to wheel the boy along the frozen roads every day "it would do." The snow "held off wonderful," she said. It held off for Alva Adilva.

I met her this morning pushing the carriage and stopping to pick a still green fern that grew under a bank. She gave it to her charge to pull to pieces.

He stared at me with his meaningless eyes and hung open his mouth.

"He grows han'some, don't he?" she said with a confident smile, giving him another grape. Her face softened still more, and she added:

"He's a regular Christmas boy, he is—a blessin' to me. I feel sure Ludo 'd ben pleased; 'n' Alva Adilva's more 'n' more of a comfort to me."

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

A GERMAN PEASANT'S IDEA OF AMERICA.

Americans who leave the beaten track of travel in Germany are always objects of more or less interest to the people. There is the curiosity due to the great distance that the visitors have come from, and besides a German who has not a relative or at least a friend in this country is a rarity. The traveller is asked all kinds of questions about the United States, and often a most lamentable ignorance is displayed by the Germans about the distant country. A case in point is related by a New-Yorker who spent some time last summer in a village in Hanover, at some distance from a railroad. He was visiting a physician whom he had met at Berlin in the university days of both of them.

One afternoon the physician, accompanied by his friend, drove to a farmhouse to visit a sick child. When he alighted, the American remained in the vehicle. In the course of his call, the physician happened to mention that his companion was from the United States. As they drove away, an old woman rushed out of the house, gesticulating wildly, and calling on them to stop. They did this, and she ran up, all out of breath, shouting:

"How is my son? He is in America."

She did not hear of the New-Yorker's nationality until after the physician left the house, and ran to make inquiry about her son, who had been in America for fifteen years. The poor woman had received no word from or about him for several years. She thought, of course, that every one in America knew every one else there. The foreigner had much difficulty in explaining that he had never heard of her son, who was in Minnesota when he wrote his last letter. For some time the good woman believed that the New-Yorker was an impostor who did not come from America at all.

WINTER FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESSES AND JACKETS—CHILDREN'S STYLES.

The variety of materials offered for elaborate wear is almost endless. There has been a disposition for some time on the part of women of fashion to use some other material than brocades, velvets, and silks, which have for long been considered the legitimate goods for this purpose. The fact that elaborate silks, plushes and velvets have been vulgarized by cheap imitations has no doubt had much to do with this change in taste.

In this democratic land, in response to the popular demand velvet has been made at so low a price that the poorest housemaid can trail a velvet gown through the mud; there is nothing in the price and very little in popular sentiment to prevent her doing so. Time changes and degrades materials, and even velvet and silk, which once was forbidden by law to any one beneath the ranks of royalty, have become hopelessly lowered by cheap tawdry imitations and must be of exceptionally rare pattern and quality to be desired by refined buyers. Sheer gauzes, embroidered crapes, mousselines de soie, wrought with the needle in rare

and dainty patterns, Decca muslins, filmy and beautiful as those old Indian muslins called "floating mist" and "woven wind," are succeeding them for the time at least to a large extent; and there are many rare embroidered tissues, such as we are accustomed to associate with Eastern bazars, intended for evening dress. There are also many silken muslins figured with velvet coin dots in graduated size and other set patterns, or strewn with tiny fleurettes in natural colors. These materials are made up extensively with bengaline satin.

Bengaline proper is a silk and wool goods, as everybody knows, though this season silk manufacturers have been trying to win back fashionable favor by introducing a heavy corded faille as all silk bengaline. The bengaline with a wool mixture, however, has rather more body than the pure silk goods and is about the same material as the Irish poplins of years ago.

Fine ladies' cloth in the most beautiful evening colors is a Parisian craze of the hour that has not fairly reached this country, though a few such dresses have been ordered. Such cloths are made up in Muscovite fashions, elaborately embroidered in metals, trimmed with fur and ornamented with light satins or sheer muslins or even laces. Thus a deep rose-colored cloth embroidered in silver is made with a bodice of black net pointed low in the neck and finished with very full demi-sleeves of lace. A band of black fox

fur trims the dress around the edge and surrounds the train. A pale sevres blue cloth dress, with full train, is embroidered with gold and trimmed with light ecru otter fur in natural color. A bright cherry red cloth dress, made up with red mousseline de soie, has a straight demi-trained skirt and a full, short waisted bodice, cut low at the neck, with full cap sleeves. Still another dress designed for a Christmas dinner party is made of two shades of olive cloth, with a bodice cut pointed at the neck and finished with a flaring Elizabethan collar lined with Russian sable, and high sleeves ending in a band of sable at the elbow. A wide border of sable surrounds the edge of the trained skirt.

Another dainty gown in Pompadour coloring is of pale rose-colored cloth, braided with gold and draped with Nile green mousseline de soie, figured with tiny rosebuds. The train of this dress was surrounded with a ruche of pale blue ostrich feathers, and the low corsage was edged with a similar band of feathers. Another magnificent dinner gown was of pale violet cloth, elaborately braided in gold. A deep band of white ostrich feathers surrounds the trained skirt, and the round bolero jacket opens over a waistcoat of white satin covered with gold embroidery. The high Medici collar is faced with white ostrich feathers. It does not seem possible that this fashion of cloth evening gowns

will be of long duration, but it is certainly a fad and as such is chronicled. Fashionable tailors even go so far as to exhibit portfolios of sketches of bridal gowns made of white cloth, embroidered with gold and silver and draped with tissues of satin, and even trimmed with royal Russian sable. No such bridal gowns have been yet ordered in this country, but this is the last Parisian edict.

There is nothing especially new in jackets that has not already been mentioned this season. The "Imperial Coat," worn by the Empress of Germany in reviewing troops, is made of white cloth with crimson facings and trimmed with large white buttons. A great many demi-long coats are being made at present, with thick cords of silk woven with gold knotted across them a la militaire. There are other coats of bright orange or red cloth, braided all over with narrow black and gold braid, put on in waving lines the width of the braid apart, and trimmed with a narrow edge of black Persian lamb. Elaborate long, warm cloaks are shown in circular shapes, fitted in at the back, for carriage wear; these are made chiefly of rough camel's hair cloths in neutral and dark shades. A beautiful fawn-colored camel's hair cloak in this shape is figured with coin dots in a darker shade, is lined with a lovely brocaded silk in shades of fawn, and trimmed with a large collar of raccoon fur, in the same colors, extended in a narrow box-like border down either side of the front to the bottom of the cloak.

Many short graceful mantles with long tabs, sparingly embroidered in metals, are being made up by tailors in stone blue and other shades of cloths, and trimmed around the neck and down either side of the front with ostrich feathers the color of the mantle.

Solid dresses of black brocade in waving ribbon pattern, coin spots, and other set designs are trimmed with jets and are liked as house dresses by women who know how becoming these dresses usually are. A dress of such brocade recently made was demi-trained and bordered across the front and side breadths with a heavy band of coque's plumes. The bodice was plain, trimmed with jet on the collar and at the edge of the long sleeve, and draped across the front with a "rain" fringe of the finest jet, which fell at the side of the skirt in a glittering mass.

Children's dresses which are being prepared for Christmas parties are of India silks and soft cashmeres in solid colors trimmed with black velvet ribbon or narrow satin ribbon set on in rows. Children under twelve years of age still wear guimpes. These may be made of muslin or India silk. About as many dresses, however, are made without guimpes as with. Bright poppy red, grayish Delft blues, turquoise blue and pale yellow are all fashionable colors for children.

The Dutch style of hair-dressing prevails for wee folks. The hair is cut to just reach the shoulders and the ends are curled to turn in while the front of the hair is cut in a short, slight bang nearly straight across the forehead.

The "Macbeth teagown" is an example of the jewelled teagown. The under part of the dress is of dark velvet fitted closely to the figure in princess effect and demi-trained. Over this close fitting velvet dress a single drapery of palest ecru colored cloth is arranged to fall from the throat in front to the bottom of the skirt in a long breadth which leaves the sleeve and side of the under dress uncovered, but is extended at the back nearly to the edge of the train. A band of emerald garnets and amethysts trims this drapery in somewhat barbaric magnificence.

Huge boas of soft cut bear fur reaching nearly to the foot of the dress and half-concealing the face of the wearer in their soft depths are worn by ladies who affect English styles in dress.

Thanks are due to Redfern, James McCreery & Co., E. J. Denning & Co., and William Jay Barker. The plates in this article are furnished by the courtesy of Redfern.

WOLVES AND BEARS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A MAIL-CARRIER AND A WOODCHOPPER.

Scranton, Penn., Dec. 20 (Special).—"Wolves were thicker around here when I was a young man than foxes are now," said an old Pocono hunter the other evening, "and we had hard work to keep any sheep through the winter. I had a dozen ewes and a ram in a log pen in the winter of 1842-'43; that is, I had when winter set in. Over the door, about seven feet from the ground, there was a transom to let fresh air in. One bitter cold night in January I heard the sheep bleating as though something had attacked them, and I and my brother hustled on our clothes and ran out to the pen with a lantern and two rifles. Through the cracks between the logs we saw a pair of wolves jumping against the door and trying to get out through the transom. Their tongues hung out, they were panting hard, and they slipped down to the floor every time they sprung up. The cleats were on the outside of the door, and the wolves had used them as a foothold to reach the open space over the door. They couldn't get out in the same way, and we fired at the blood-thirsty brutes till we killed them. They had slaughtered eleven of the ewes, and we found the other ewe and the ram trembling in a corner of the pen when we opened the door and hauled the dead wolves out. The sheep had been bitten in the throat, and the wolves would have killed the other two if we hadn't surprised them.

"Jehial Sox carried the mail that winter from Pocono Forks to Tobyhanna Mills. Before the snow got deep he rode a horse, but along in midwinter he had to go back and forth on foot. He wore snowshoes, and it took him six hours to make the trip. About dusk one night in February Sox was trudging along toward the end of his route, with his little mail pouch in one hand and a stick in the other. When he reached the thickest part of the woods, about a mile this side of the Tobyhanna Creek, a pack of wolves struck his trail several rods behind him and began to follow him up. At first the wolves kept still, but as it grew dark they began to howl, and they got nearer to Sox every minute. Sox couldn't run, and he wouldn't have dared to if he could, and you can imagine how he felt. His only hope was that the snarling and howling wolves would keep a short distance behind him till he reached the bridge over the creek, for he knew that they wouldn't follow him across the bridge. A few rods this side of the creek one of the wolves ran up so close that Sox felt its hot breath through his mitten, and he then expected that the whole pack was going to pitch on him before he took a dozen steps further, and tear him to pieces. To have stopped and faced the brutes would have been sure death to Sox, and he knew it, so he trudged onward with several wolves close at his heels, and when he stepped on the bridge the whole pack came to a halt and howled madly at him till he went out of sight over a knoll. The postoffice was at the foot of the knoll, and after Sox had delivered the pouch he was so weak that he couldn't walk. The wolves continued to howl at the bridge until four woodmen fired eight rifle balls among them. Six wolves were killed, and the rest ran into the woods.

"A bear is a decent animal compared to a wolf," continued the aged hunter, "because he will never kill what he doesn't want for his own immediate use, while a wolf slaughters more sheep in ten minutes than he can eat in three months. One fall a bear carried off two of my pigs four nights apart. I found where he had devoured them in a ravine less than twenty rods from my house and I set a trap for him. Then I fastened some wire to the trap, and strung the wire over bushes to the house, attaching the other end to a little bell over the kitchen door. That night we had an apple bee, and I told all the young folks that if the bell jingled while they were there we would all march to the ravine and take a look at the bear before I shot him. Watching for the bell to tinkle made lots of fun during the evening, and a little before midnight, it did tinkle right lively, and it kept tinkling till we had lighted a dozen lanterns and started out to see the bear. There were fourteen buxom and jolly girls in the party, and as many strong young men, and there wasn't one in the crowd that was a bit afraid of a bear. When we got to the ravine, the bear was tearing saplings up by the roots, and thrashing around as though he was as big as an elephant, but his right fore paw was fast, and though he bellowed and tore he couldn't free himself. Then, by the light of the lanterns, I watched my chance and fired a bullet into his head at the butt of his ear, and the bear keeled over and died. He weighed 432 pounds, and was the biggest bear I ever killed. I made his skin into a robe and used it twenty-six winters before it wore out.

"Some people make fun of you when you tell them that black bears often tackle men. But I have known them to do so a number of times. One October night James Rathbone came to my house covered with blood, and said that a bear had pitched on him in the middle of the road, between here and Pocono Summit. Rathbone was a lumberman who lived near Canadensis. That afternoon he had finished a contract for the Tobyhanna Lumber Company, and the company had paid him $60 in five and ten dollar gold pieces. Rathbone put the money in a squirrel-skin purse, and put the purse in his coat pocket. He hadn't been home in two months, and as soon as he got his pay he started through the woods. The night was muggy and he carried his coat on his left arm. This side of Pocono Summit a bear followed him, knocked him down in the mud, tore the back of his coat and shirt off and scratched his neck, face and arms so severely that he lost a good deal of blood before he reached my house. He also lost his coat and his money. That was the story he told me, and I found out that it was the truth in every particular. I and my son took the dog and two guns and immediately went to the place in a dugway where Rathbone said that he had been attacked. We found his coat torn into strips, and after a good deal of searching we dug his purse out of the mud. The same amount was in it that Rathbone said he had, and before midnight the dog led us to where the bear was hidden under a big hemlock log. It was a large female bear, and we had to shoot four bullets into her before we killed her. I gave her skin to Rathbone, and I guess he has it yet."

A RELIC OF THE SAMOAN DISASTER.

From The Baltimore Sun.

An interesting relic of the Samoan disaster in the shape of the propeller of the Nipsic is soon to be placed on exhibition in Washington. It is now at the Mare Island Navy Yard, having been brought there from Honolulu, where it was taken from the Nipsic. When the American ships were driven on the coral reef at Samoa the Nipsic's engines were going at full speed and she was making frantic efforts to get to sea. The propeller was pounded on the rocks and its blades struck the hard coral at every revolution. They were twisted and curled up out of all semblance to their former shape, but remained unbroken, showing a wonderful degree of tensile strength and elongation in the material. The propeller was made of old-fashioned navy bronze containing 88 parts copper, 10 parts tin and 2 parts zinc, and it is doubtful whether any of the fancy patent propeller bronzes lately introduced could stand such rough usage and still be capable of running the ship to Honolulu, as was done with the Nipsic.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

ACCORDING TO FRENCH COOKS.

MENU FOR A BANQUET—SOME SIMPLE MEALS.

Even dyspeptics are more or less interested in eating at Christmas, and in view of this fact a number of menus, suggestions for the Christmas breakfast, luncheon and dinner, have been prepared for The Tribune by well-known chefs of New-York. The most elaborate of these, by M. Adolphe Gallier, chef at the Hotel Brunswick, is for a Christmas banquet of 100 persons.

M. Gallier has done a great deal of cooking for a man only forty years of age and his work has been of a character to give him experience in the preparation of large banquets.

He has served as chef to the Prince de Bethune, the Marquis de Narbonne Lara, Bignon, the Cercle des Deux Monde, the Marquis de Wogue, while that nobleman was Ambassador of France to Austria, and to the Grand Duc de Luchtemberg at St. Petersburg. Since coming to America he has been chef for Governor George Peabody Wetmore, the Hoffman House and the Hotel Brunswick.

The menu suggested by M. Gallier is distinctly French, with only a few concessions to English and American Christmas prejudices. It is arranged in the style of Napoleon III and is to be served a la Francaise. This dinner properly served would cost $40 a cover without wines, and with wines of an appropriate quality the cost would be $100 a cover.

Huitres et Clams.
Hors d'ouvres froid.
Canape de Caviar, Cartines d'Anchois.
Radis, Olives.
Potages.
Cortue clair a l'Anglaise, Creme a la Reine.
Bisque d'Ecrevisses, Consomme a la Metternich.
Hors d'oeuvres chaud.
Petites bouchees au Salpicon.
Petites Caisses d'huitres au gratin.
Cromesquis a la polonaise.
Rissoles a la Pompadour.
Croquettes de Semoule au Parmesan.
Laitance de shad a la Villeroi.
Attereaux de riz d'agneau a la Victoria.
Croustade de champignons a la Royal.
Poissons.
Saumon Sauce Regence. Carpes a la Chambord.
Filets de sole a la Joinville. Bar sauce Crevettes.
Releves.
Roast beef a la Anglaise.
Poulardes Souflees Napolitaine.
Quartier de Venaison vin du porto sauce.
Sel de Mutton a l'Infante.
Entrees.
Perdreaux a la Richelieu.
Cotelettes d'agneau Victor Hugo.
Chartreuses de riz de veau aux Laitues.
Escaloppes de filet Trainon.
Boudins de Volailles a la Bagration.
Filets de Canetons a la Bigarrade.
Pains de Becasses a la Cussy.
Chaufroix de Mauviettes en Telle-vue.
Entrees froide sur socle pour ornement.
Jambon d'york a la Gelee.
Galantine de dinde historiee.
Buisson de homards.
Pate de fois gras de Nancy.
Punch a l'Imperial.
Rots.
Faisans Truffes.
Chapons du Mans au Cressons.
Pluviers dore garnis de Croutons.
Canvasback Ducks.
Hominy frit.
Gelee de Groseille.
Salade Venitienne.
Salade a la Russe.
Salade de Celery.
Salade de Romaine.
Entremets.
Fonds d'artichaud a l'Italienne.
Cepes a la Bordelaise.
Asperges Sauce Maltaise.
Macedoines de fruits a la Gelee.
Charlotte a la Savoisienne.
Paniers d'oranges a la Gelee.
Mince Pie.
Plum Pudding a l'Anglaise.
Entremets de Patisserie.
Gateaux Bretons sur socle.
Bastions en gateau Napolitaine.
Croquembouche de Genoise.
Corbeille de Nougat Chantilly.
Dessert et Glaces.
Bombe Orsini. Petits biscuits glaces.
Glace au framboise. Glace Moka.
Petits gateaux Mousseline. Croquets Parisiene.
Marguerite. Petits Venitiens.
Petits fours assortis.
Fromages.
Camenbert. Gruyere. Roquefort.
Fruits.
Raisins. Poires. Peches.
Cafe.
Pieces Montees en pastillage.

For a Christmas luncheon, by comparison with the dinner remarkably modest and unpretentious, M. Gallier suggests the following:

Huitres sur Coquilles.
Hors d'oeuvres varies.
Potage.
Consomme de volaible en tasse.
Poisson.
Homard a la Newburg.
Entrees.
Cotelettes d'agneau MacMahon.
Pommes de Terre Benedictine.
Choux de Bruxelle saute.
Petits Pois a l'Anglaise.
Salade de volailles Mayonnaise.
Roti.
Turkey, cranberry sauce.
Salade de Celery.
Entremets.
Plum Pudding, St. Sabayon au Rhum.
Mince Pie.
Glace Tutti frutti.
Petits Gateaux Marguerite.
Petits fours.
Fruits.
Desserts.
Cafe.

A dinner menu far less elaborate than that of M. Gallier is furnished by M. Gustave Nouvel, who recently succeeded the famous M. La Perique as chef at the Hoffman House. M. Nouvel is an experienced chef and in his time has prepared many dinners fully as enticing as the one he invents for The Tribune. He has been a long time in this country and fifteen years ago was chef at the Hoffman House. Since then he has been chef at the Union and other New-York clubs and has spent two years in Europe for his health.

The menu is more like those New-Yorkers are in the habit of seeing.

Huitres.
Varies. Hors d'oeuvres. Varies.
Potages.
Consomme Chateaubriand, Rossolwick a la Russe.
Hors d'Oeuvre Chaud.
Petites timbales, Chevalier.
Poisson.
Troncon de saumon a la Cambaceres.
Releve.
Filet de boeuf pique, a la Hussard.
Entrees.
Turban de filets de faisan, Marechal.
Ris de veau cloutes, Providence.
Cotelettes d'agneau tardif, Maison d'Or.
Casserolettes de Terrapin, Maryland.
Legumes.
Petis pois a la Francaise, Fonds d'Artichauts farcis.
Pommes de terre, Royale. Epinards a la Dumas.
Froid.
Aspic de pate de foies gras, Strasbourgeoise.
Sorbet.
Marquise de Lur Saluces.
Gibier.
Canvasback Duck.
Salade de Saison.
Entremets Sucres.
Pouding de Mars, Mince pie a l'Americaine.
Croustade a l'Albanaise. Petite Duchesse.
Bavaroise des Quatre Saisons. Gelee Rubanee.
Fantaisie Egyptienne. Candi aux Violettes.
Sultane Moderne.
Glace.
Parfait au Cafe.
Dessert.
Petits fours Fedora. Gateaux assortis.
Fruits, Mottoes, Mendiants.
Demi tasse. Liqueurs.

M. Gustave Feraud, who for thirty-one years and since the opening of the Fifth Avenue Hotel has worn the white cap and directed the cuisine of that famous house, suggests a Christmas dinner that could hardly fail to please President Harrison himself. M. Feraud is himself a good Republican, and there is probably not a man prominent in the councils of the party who has not at some time or another eaten one of his dinners.

M. Feraud came to this country in 1841. He began his career as cook on an Antarctic expedition, and has in his day been a good deal of a globe trotter. M. Feraud's idea of Christmas good cheer is the following:

Blue Point Oysters.
Soups.
Green Turtle, clear. Consomme Sevigne.
Hors d'Oeuvre.
Salted Almonds. Timbale Diplomate. Celery.
Fish.
Filet of Bass, Hollandaise. Boiled Shad, parsley sauce.
Cucumbers. Potatoes Duchesse.
Boiled.
Capon, egg sauce. Tongue. Shoulder of Pork.
Corned beef and Cabbage.
Leg of Mutton, caper sauce.
Roast.
Turkey, cranberry sauce.
Beef. Goose, apple sauce.
Saddle of Mutton. Chicken. Ham, champagne sauce.
Entrees.
Woodcock aux Cressons.
Terrapin a la Feraud.
Supreme of Chicken, Toulouse.
Bouchee of Oysters.
Croustade of Rice au marmalade.
Sorbet Richelieu.
Game.
Canvasback Duck.
Lettuce.
Cold.
Meats. Boned Turkey. Terrine de foie gras.
Lobster Salad. Chicken Salad. Potato Salad.
Vegetables.

Mashed Potatoes. String Beans. Turnips.
Boiled Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.
Onions, Beets, Sweet Potatoes, Cauliflower, Spinach.
Pastry.
English Plum Pudding, brandy sauce.
Sliced Apple Pie. Rice Pudding.
Mince Pie. Confectionery. Jelly aux Fraises.
Eclairs. Fancy Cakes. Macaroons.
Dessert.
Vanilla Ice Cream, fancy forms. Biscuit glace.
Figs. Nuts. Fruits.
Mild Cheese. Roquefort Cheese.
Coffee.

Christmas morning M. Feraud thinks a family could eat the following breakfast to good advantage:

Oranges.
Stewed Oysters.
Broiled Striped Bass.
Cucumbers.
Sirloin Beefsteak. Bacon.
Mashed Potatoes with Cream.
Fricassee of Chicken.
Dry Toast.
Omelet with Parsley.
English Muffins. Maple Syrup.
Coffee. Chocolate.

M. Emil Dolkerick, chef de cuisine of the Vistoria Hotel, has had a great deal of experience at that distinctly family hotel in preparing family repasts. M. Dolkerick has been in America seventeen years, and has earned an enviable reputation in his profession. For the Christmas breakfast he submits two menus, one for six persons and one for twelve:

BILL OF FARE FOR SIX PERSONS.
Broiled Sea Bass Maitre d'Hotel.
Fried smelts, Tartar Sauce.
Baked Potatoes.
Soft Boiled Eggs. Omelette with Oysters.
Chicken Fricassee with Mushrooms.
Honeycomb Tripe.
English Breakfast Bacon.
Lamb Chops with French Peas.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Baked Apples. Stewed Prunes.
Coffee. Chocolate.

BILL OF FARE FOR TWELVE PERSONS.
Fruits. Watercresses.
Broiled fresh Mackerel, sauce fleurette.
Fried Codfish with brown butter.
Boiled Potatoes.
English Mutton Chops with Bacon.
Scrambled Eggs au Truffles.
Lobster saute Bordelaise.
Porterhouse steak with Mushrooms.
French fried Potatoes.
Venison Steak Cumberland.
Omelette au confiture.
Coffee. Chocolate.

His ideal Christmas dinner is this:

Blue Point Oysters.
Green Turtle, clear. Consomme Florentine.
Bouchees des Dames.
Filet of sole a la Normande.
Potatoes Duchesse.
Capon braise, sauce Perigneux.
Filet of Beef a la Robert Burns.
Supreme of chicken, Montpensier.
Larded sweetbreads, Medicis.
Maraschino Sherbet.
Terrapin a la Maryland.
Prime beef.
Saddle of Southdown Mutton, St. Georges.
Turkey stuffed with chestnuts.
Canvas back duck with currant jelly and fried hominy.
Quail bardee on crust, bread sauce and chicory salad.
Terrine de foie gras de Strasbourg.
Galantine de volaille a la gelee.
French peas. Asparagus Hollandaise.
Baked sweet potatoes. Spaghetti au Parmesan.
Omelette au Kirsch.
Plum Pudding.
Pumpkin pie. New England mince pie.
Glace Nesselrode pudding.
Bonbons. Fruits. Fromage.
Cafe.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S HOME.

THE NEW MANSION ON A CAPE COD SAND BLUFF.

From The Boston Transcript.

From Buzzard's Bay station, turning sharp north around the town hall and leaving the Dexter and Whittier cottages on the left, a drive of half a mile or so, through a young pitch-pine forest, brings one to the new house of our favorite actor, Joseph Jefferson, who intends making it the home of his old age, if his now blithesome and sunny nature ever allows him to reach that dignified but dangerous estate. The house itself is a picturesque pile, with wings, cupola and gables both of wood and stone in the early Colonial style, and shows what one also finds within—freedom and comfort. The two striking features of the house rear are the heavy circular stone bastion, west side, which serves for the library windows, and a Virginia chimney, built outside the house, of native stone and brick, and graced as it rises with tinted tiles set into the stone, with a very Nature-like look in subdued colors. The house itself faces north. It is built on a Cape Cod sand bluff that rises more abruptly than most from a white sand beach, so steep that the tree tops show close below the house veranda, and looks across "the Head of the Bay" waters, which butt and end against the round rambling hills beyond, while the view ends with the great arc of Plymouth wood, which almost reaches the rock.

It is an Ansicht, as the Germans call it, or landscape of long lines and waters winding among Cape hills and pine groves, with western sunsets beyond the dark forests open to eye and colored into fairyland by the Cape atmosphere. It is the fit nook for a poet, a painter or an artist; and the master of the house is painter and poet, and created "Rip Van Winkle." There is a generous veranda on its west and north sides.

As one enters the hall doors, north side, he notices the significant door panels of stained glass, with two character portraits—one of Edwin Booth as Hamlet, and the other of the late William Warren, Boston's favorite for fifty years, as Falstaff. At the south end of the spacious hall, above the first landing on the stairs, one sees a large stained glass window, showing a Southern landscape, water, and a flamingo among lilies. Pictures and articles of vertu are everywhere, only proportioned and placed as a true artist can; and the house colors, inside and out, are subdued to the modesty of Nature.

On the right hand, entering, is the drawing-room, panelled and ceiled—as most rooms here are—in oak, with a bas-relief in plaster of "Bottom and the Fairy Queen Titania," by Theodore Baum. In this room is a full length picture of Macready's "William Tell." The room beyond is the library, with rare marquetry furniture out of Holland and Italy, in Venetian oak; while a portrait of Thomas Paine, by Rembrandt Peale, hangs over the mantel. Here also is the bust of Mr. Jefferson. His pictures, many of the Dutch school, have been selected with great discrimination. In the hall and rooms adjacent are portraits of Mirabeau, by Greuze; the Duke of Orleans under Louis XIV.; of "An Unknown Lady," by Sir Thomas Lawrence; of Mrs. Siddons, by Harlow; three examples by Mauve, one by Gausten, several by Corot and other artists of note. The hospitable dining-room across the hall from the parlor abounds in ancient carved furniture, mahogany and oak, bought in Europe. The walls are panelled in diverse woods (the work all well done by Cape Cod mechanics), and overhead in ceiled square compartments are set circular Dutch tiles, each painted with its own flower and fruit, while the mantel and fireplace remind one of a French middle age castle. Here hangs the famous picture, "Bringing Home the Sheep," the last picture Mauve ever painted. Above stairs is the house clock with chimes, mediaeval armor, and a modest but exquisite Canadian wood scene by Mr. Jefferson himself. The windows are of the finest French glass, and altogether it is the home of an artist and colored deep by Mr. Jefferson's own profession. When he goes, the world will have lost one of its sweetest gentlemen. The modesty of his better half forbids more than a simple reference to William Warren's niece, but it may be allowed to say that the lady who presides over the household is undoubtedly the most precious furnishing in it. Mr. Joseph Jefferson has for many years brought happiness to the homes of the public by his gracious ability on the American stage. That public will wish peace and good luck to his new home and pray that his own exit from any stage may come very late.

FRUITS IN JAPAN.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"My wife and I have been in Yokohama seventeen years," said Thomas L. Boag, yesterday, "and we are going back to England to live. Japan is a good enough place to live in——"

"If you can't get away," put in Mrs. Boag.

"The climate is pleasant, but it's only a place to make money in. Old married people such as we are can get along, but it's lonely for a young man. It isn't like home."

"There's not a fruit there fit to eat except grapes," said Mrs. Boag, "and they're woolly."

"Yes, the grapes have a few hairs on them, and they taste queer," admitted Mr. Boag. "They have tried apples and pears up in the northern part of the Island of Yeddo, and they are fine. But the nearest thing to an apple in Yokohama is 'nashi,' which has meat like a coarse pear and a flavor like nothing else I know of."